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*Lines for October.*

# SOLITUDE.

By the Rev. Æneas McDonell Dawson.

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O solitude, thou pleasing, dreadful power!
I court thee, yet fearful abhor thy spell.
In my lone chamber here, at evening hour,
The solemn thoughts I own, what muse shall tell?
'Tis stillness all. Nor voice of living man,
Nor foot-fall in the silent drowsy town,
Nor song of merry bird since night began,
Nor buzzing insect's hum with summer gone,
Nor breath of gentlest zephyr greets mine ear;
The music of the awful stars is mute,
The autumnal moon ruling the fallen year,
Wades through the stilly sky, as if to suit
With melancholy face, the gen'ral gloom:
And now it seems to my affrighted mind,
As if were near at hand the final doom,
And I should hear the knell of humankind,
Hark!—that sound! list!—only some creaking door:
No foot-step near,—no gladdening voice is heard;
Nought moves at all in the long corridor.
Only a phantom noise have I fear'd,
In thought at least I'll change the the tiresome scene.
And now upon imagination's wing
Away I speed to lands where erst I've been,
And crowded Cities shall some solace bring.



1866

I mingle with the unsympathizing throng;
No cheering voice accosts, nor welcome's smile.
For dearest solitude once more I long
This dullest time its musings shall beguile
But ere the fancied pilgrimage be done,
To climes remote where oft with men commune,
Ancestral spirits, eager I alone
Hopeful repair, and anxious crave the boon
Of sweetest intercourse with hero minds—
—Departed spirits of the mighty dead,
Whose memory arrayed in glory binds
Our favored peaceful age with days long sped.
Nor vain my prayer. Descending from on high
They who in days of yore, on earth held sway,
And now are potent rulers in the sky,
A vision gave radiant as brightest day.
Varied their converse. Long I raptured heard
How they discoursed of Virtue's noblest mood
And graceful told how they in life prepared
For deeds of high emprise, the common good
By arts unselfish to secure, and strife
Valiant maintained with ev'ry hostile band
That desp'rate warred against their country's life;
How they in battle for their native land
Had struggled oft, and oft by foes out-done,
Their toil renewed, and greatly struggling still,
Success achieved and glorious Freedom won,
The worthiest meed of their unswerving will.
I stood entranced, and would have tarried long,
Unconscious of the swiftly passing hours.
But ah! who e'er shall hope of mortal throng

Society to hold with heavenly Powers—
—With Gods to dwell? sufficeth it their mind
Favored to learn, their matchless glory see,
Then back to wonted haunts of humankind,
Striving 'mid strife all hero-like to be.
  Now fades the glorious vision, and alone
I'm left upon the misty hills, elate
But yet disconsolate, the dying tone
Of spirit voices 'twas my happy fate
To hear distinct, resounding in mine ear,
As veiled in clouds the venerable train
To airy halls returning, disappear.
To seek their awful presence more were vain.
  To scenes of rural bliss I bend my way
The City's throng avoiding, fitting less
Than dulness self my labour to repay
With store of thought and social happiness.
There, each beloved pursuit be what it will,
No bustling crowd impedes. If social joys
Delight, these all your own, and you may still
Solitary muse, apart from noise
And the shrill stirring war of mingling words
That oft distract the meditative mind,
Now mirth exciting, now like clashing swords,
Plying the Sophist's art, as if combined
Were blessed Truth with falsehood's hydra forms
Mankind to vex, each fury to evoke
That mars men's peace, and the whole world deforms
As doomed to sink beneath some vengeful stroke.
  What store of bliss the rural home affords!
None there need dread the over-crowded hall

Where oft within, on creaking dusty boards,
Reel stifled revellers, and for their stall
Sigh jaded steeds without, their own death knell
Coughing, as through the dark unwholesome night
Dull peers the cold gray dawn. Tell us what spell
Ye Genii, can mankind so delight
That converse sweet, that joys of sacred home
To lifeless pleasures such as these must yield!
How blest are they at early morn who roam
Joyful out o'er the dew-bespangled field,
Or by the limpid brook, buoyant with health,
Ply the light rod, coaxing the finny race,
To fragrant meads, of choicest rural wealth
The gladdening source, direct their eager pace,
Or vig'rous climb the rugged mountain side,
Or led by love of antiquary lore,
To far famed hoary ruins early ride,
Or if in sultry day, it please them more,
When sorely scorched by Sol's refulgent ray,
Their parched limbs in coolest waters lave.
Such aye the healthful joys along each bay
Lashed by Britannia's ever guarding wave.
Hark!—that sound!—sure 'tis the wild ocean's roar!
Sweeter than music were thy tones, great sea,
As they resounded by my native shore.
Still as in days long gone, thou'rt dear to me.
To all thou'rt dear, thy ever changing wave
Who rashly tempt not. On thy swelling tide
Are borne men's richest trade ships, navies brave
And fleets exploring on thy waters glide.
Let none insult thee! On thy friendly breast

Hoping secure to rest, when daring, bold,
In craft unworthy, and of Heaven unblest,
Men venture, reckless, urged by thirst of gold;
Such presumptuous, in thine angry mood,
Thou whelmest 'neath thy storm tossed raging waves.
To all thou'rt kind, great sea, but most thy good
To Britain's Sons appears their flag that saves
And bears triumphant. Thou didst wed of old
And to thy gen'rous bosom fondly press
That famed Republic, now so basely sold
To craven churls, who vainly would express
Degenerate fools! the glories that were thine,
Proud Venice! when with Liberty arrayed,
Thou nobly satest throned in the silver brine,
And the sceptre of a vast Empire swayed.
But I mistake. That's not the Ocean's roar.
Hearken attentive.—Still come soothing sounds
Borne as on Zephyrs from some distant shore.
The Cataract in the still night resounds.
Roll on, thou foaming Ottawa! ever roll!
How many thousand years have silent flowed
Since thou in forests where no human soul
Had learned to dwell, hast ceaseless murm'ring glowed,
Sweet is the music of thy boiling wave;
Sweet to the woodsman as adown the stream
Homeward he hies; sweet to the Patriot brave
Of dangers past and battles won, who dream,
Sweet to the traveller from distant clime
Who hears thee and is glad. Sweet more to me
In solitary hour, thy Cauldron's Chime
When voice nor sound beside lends harmony.

And thou wilt still be sweet, when all around,
On rockiest bank and hills o'ergrown with pine,
Millions shall dwell, and on thy forest ground
Cities shall rise,—science with art combine
Athwart thy Lakes rich Argosies to drive
With treasure fraught, richest of Eastern clime.
And they beyond the Atlantic wave who live
Thy stream shall seek,—in brightest march of time,
Ocean to Ocean wed* and Cities vast
With Cities greater still, by commerce join,
And man to Brother man unite at last
By ties more strong than boasted kindred's line.
Another sound!—the clock!—the witching time is o'er.
Nor fiend nor fairy now one soul can touch,
Nor wakeful, dreaming Fancy's torturing Power.
The clock strikes twelve. I'll to my lonely couch.
And yet not lonely all. My solitude
No loneliness doth own. And more are mine
Society and true beatitude
Than theirs, who scorning, would my lot decline.
The Phantom time is gone. I lay me down,
In him confiding, who could lull to sleep
His Patriarch Servant in the desert lone.
I'll rest. Me too will guardian Cherubs keep.

Ottawa, October, 1866.

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* It is believed that when the Union of the British North American Provinces is effected, a Ship Canal will be made along the course of the Ottawa, &c., establishing communication by Lake Nipissingue and the Georgean Bay, with Lake Huron, Lake Superior and the navigable waters of the North-west territory as far as the Rocky Mountains, through the passes of which, as eminent travellers have shewn, access can easily be had to the Pacific Ocean.

# ROYALTY AT OTTAWA.

"His Excellency, Viscount Monck, made his public entrance yesterday into the Capital of Canada."

*Ottawa Times, May 3rd* 1866.

In Europe's Sun delight no more alone,
Mysterious Fate! Thy brightest page unfold!
Snatched from the darkest night of ages gone,
'Neath western skies, let glories new be told.
Unfathomable power! with human state,
Thy sport and pastime. Now in gayest mood,
Upliftest Thou the lowly—dost create
Things great—colossal. Empires that withstood
The shock of time, long 'neath thy plastic hand,
Disported glad, in heyday of their fame.
Frowns thine awful brow,—smites thy scourging wand,
Rome, Greece and Babylon are but a name.

At thy command, up sprung Marengo's Chief.
Borne on thy fostering gale, his fortune's tide
Past glories all outshone,—surpassed belief;
Yet could he not thy withering scowl abide.
His prosp'rous day, that dawned so glorious bright,
'Mid thickening clouds, its wondrous glory paled,
His morn of splendour closed in dismal night,
And earth's Conqueror a lost world bewailed!

*The Crimean War.*

Thine awful look, dire Fate! unrolled anew,
Sends fiercest warriors to the gory field.
Unchecked, would they fair earth with ruin strew.
Thy frown forbids.—To braver men they yield.

*The Indian Mutiny.*

Stirred from thy Cauldron's depths, O Cruel Fate,
Its blood-stained banner foul rebellion spreads.
The Tartar reigns, with new-born pride elate
Holds Delhi's towers, and boastful conqu'ring treads
O'er India's plains. But vain his fiendish play.
Not his to rule. A destiny more grand
Hath Fate in store. In glory of noon-day
VICTORIA's Sceptre guides the Hindoo land.

In days long gone, thy power accursed Fate!
This cherished soil o'er spread. Dark strife prevailed,
And jarring party vexed the troubled state.
Each faithful Son thy hapless lot bewailed.
The rolls of Fate unveil an epoch new.
Lo! Concord reigns! thy Children, loving band;
Around thy colors press, to honor true;
Thy foes recoil, nor dare invade thy land.

Nation of "bon accord"! Union thy word.
No petty Kings, no separate States be thine!
United, ever shall Britannia's sword
Before Thee glow, Heaven with thy Fate combine
Thy greatness to extend. Thy lot meanwhile,
Beyond all people's blest! guarded thy shore
By Fleets invincible, from Britain's Isle

That willing sail. Thine ever growing store ;
Thine infant power, its influence benign
O'er Continents and Isles, e'en now, that wields ;
And lo ! a priceless treasure, truly thine,—
—The valour of Thy Sons, thy land that shields ;—
—All—with the favoring gales of Fate conspire,
From elements diverse, a prosperous State
Glorious to raise. Sweetest Peace inspire
Thy Counsels ever, and shall happy date
Ages of glory from this brightest day
That yet hath dawned o'er all Columbia's Land.
Lustrous this epoch more thon Victor's bay.
Its praise shall speak our Children, as they stand
On Ottawa's favored shore, and raptured view
Those gorgeous Palaces and stately Towers,
Where Britain's Royalty, so loving, true,
Bids constant dwell our Legislative Powers.

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*The Volunteers who fell at the*

## BATTLE OF RIDGEWAY,

*June 2nd* 1866.

By the Rev. Æneas McDonell Dawson.

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Fallen are the brave in youth's bright years,
Sisters and Mothers, ye weep o'er their grave,
A Nation bedews it with tears.
O'er heroes their life-blood freely who gave
That Country and Freedom might live,
Deeply sorrows each Patriot heart.
Now grieve ye !—time soothing will give
Meeds brighter than tears ; highest fame
Wreaths deathless unfading impart,
And glory encircle their name !

Sleep heroes ! sleep ! your warfare o'er.
O ne'er o'er your warrior grave,
By the grand Ontario shore,
Shall the lone drooping willow wave !

Strew flowers ! ye people all combine,
From distant Hudson's frozen zone
To Iles remote in Ocean's brine,
With brightest hero-bays alone,
The hallowed spot worthy to deck,

Where first was willing, bravely poured
The Patriot blood, your foes could check,
When dark and om'nous war cloudslowered.

Cor'nach nor Ullalula raise,
Nor Pibroch's solemn tones resound.
From age to age shall speak their praise
Your free-born happiest Sons, around
These favored shores, from bondage foul
Redeemed, and threatened chains, that long
Would manacled have held each soul,
To Freedom born and hate of wrong.

Long as beneath the Summer's glow,
Shall heave Ontario's bosom broad,
And mock the dismal winter's snow ;*
Long as shall pour its mighty load
Of waters vast, great Erie's flood,
By foaming Cataracts, to join
Ontario's wave, this hero-blood
With glorious Victor-bays shall twine.

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* The waters of Lake Ontario never freeze.